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MY POLL AND MY

Partner Joe. 11621.0.6

To which are added,

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The Ship in Distress.

The TOPERS ADVICE.

An excellent new Song, called,

ESK MILL.

AND

The happy fire-side.



Stirling. Printed by M. Randall.

My Poll and my Partner Joe.

I was, d'ye see a waterman,
as tight and spruce as any:
From Richly town to Horsley Down,
I turn'd an honest penny.
None could of fortune's favour brag
more than could lucky I;
My cot was snug, well fill'd my eag,
my grunter in the sty,
With wherry tight,
And bosom light,
I charrfully did row;
And to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend or wife—
Like my Poll and partner Joe.

I rol'd in joys like these a while;
folks far and near caren'd me;
Till, woe is me! so lubberly,
the press-gang came and press'd me,
How could I all those pleasures leave,
how with my wherry part,
I never so took on the grieve,
it rung my very heart.
And when on board.
They gave the word,
To foreign climes to go;

That the moment I was born,
 That ever I should thus be torn—
 From my Poll and my Partner Joo;

I did my duty manfully,
 While o'er the billows rolling;
 And, night or day, could find my way,
 Blindfold to the main top bowling.
 Thus all the dangers of the main,
 Quicksands, and gales of wind,
 I brav'd in hopes to taste again,
 'Those joys I left behind:
 In climes afar,
 'Midst hottest war,
 Pour'd broadsides on the foe;
 In hopes those perils to relate,
 As by my side attentive sat,
 My Poll and my partner Joo,

At length it pleas'd his majesty,
 To give peace unto the nation,
 And honest hearts, from foreign parts,
 Came home for consolation.
 Like lightning—for I felt new life;
 Now free from war's alarms,
 I rush'd—and found my friend and wife—
 Lock'd in each other's arms;
 Yet fancy not
 I bore my lot,
 Tame, like a lubber—No—
 For finding I was nicely trick'd,
 Pump to the d—l . boldly kick'd—
 My Poll and my Partner Joo.

THE SHIP IN DISTRESS

Ye sailors bold that plough the ocean,
see dangers landsmen never know,
Some gain glory and promotion,
no tongue can tell what we undergo:
Through dismal storms, and heat of battle,
there's no back doors to run away;
Where thundering cannons th y do rattle,
mark well what happen'd the other day.

A merchant ship under Divers, captain,
long time had been bound to sea,
The weather being so uncertain,
we were drove to great extremity!
Nothing was left these poor souls to cherish,
for the want of food most feeble grown,
Poor fellows, they were almost perish'd,
nothing was left but skin and bone.

Their cats and dogs O they did eat them,
their hunger for to ease, we hear,
And in the midst of all their sorrow,
captain and men had equal share;
But so v a scant is come upon us;
a dismal tale most certainly,
Poor fellows they stood in torture,
casting lots to see who should die.

Now the lot is fell on one poor fellow,
whose family was very great,

Which did the more increase his sorrow,
 that was too late;
 I'm fild to die but messmate brothers,
 unto the topmast head straightway,
 See if you can a sail discover,
 whilst I unto the Lord do pray.

I think I spy a sail to windward,
 come bearing down for some relief,
 These very words when I did hear,
 O they did quickly banish grief;
 Captain and men in one connection,
 all sorts of food deny'd us not,
 And by this great and friendly action,
 safe into Lisbon harbour got.

THE TOPER'S ADVICE.

Banish sorrow, grief's a folly,
 care unbend thy wrinkled bow,
 Hence dull care and melancholy,
 wine and wit invites us now,
 Bacchus sends us all his treasure,
 Momus sends us jest and song.
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow pleasure,
 let us join the jocund throng.

Youth soon flies, 'tis but a season,
 time is ever on the wing;
 Then let's the present moment seize on,
 none knows what the next may bring:
 Thus let's be joyus while time we measure,
 other's wisdom we despise,

Fellow, fellow, fellow, fellow, fellow, pleasure
to be merry's to be wise.

Why should then vain care perplex us,
why should we not merry be?

While we're here, there's nought to vex us,
drinking sets our cares all free.

Then let's have drinking without measure,
let's have drink while time we have,

Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow pleasure,
there's no drinking in the grave.

ESK MILL.

Tune—"Banks of the Devon."

THE moon o'er the waves of the North throws
her glory,

And brightens the snow wreaths on proud Pent
land high;

Whiler cold, under arms, I view, leafless and
hoary,

The dark wood that answers the sentinel's cry.

But what are my suff'rings, tho' cold, wet, and
weary,

And round me the rude blasts of Insult blow
shrill,

To theirs who're confin'd in the dungeon so
dreary,

And wait life away in the gloom of Esk MILL!

Oh Esk! gentle Esk! as thou flow thro' the valley,

As the sounds of love now pass o'er thy waves,
 At night the *Tattoo*, and at morn the *Rivally*,
 Are mixed with sighs from the iron-grated grave.
 Industry has fled from thy scenes now distressing,
 The Bard shuns thy banks, who, when evening
 was still,

Us'd so pensive to wander, the muse fond car-
 naging;

Now sighs when he thinks on the woes of *Esk*
 MILL.

In fancy I wander where Nations uniting,
 Display their proud banners o'er hill and o'er dale;
 I hear the loud roar of the armies still fighting,
 I see of the battle the mournful detail.

Poor remnant of armies how strongly escorted,
 I see their sad march while my heart's blood runs
 chill,

Far, far from their kindred, with grief broken-
 hearted,

Slow pass the sad hours—woeful hours in *Esk*
 MILL.

Ye troublers of Nations how poor is your glory,
 The pages of History will blush with your crimes,
 Your deeds will seem darker your features more
 gory,

When man, shuddering, views you, in all future
 times.

But what is the gay round of Royalty shining,
 When sleep fly your couch as the wind o'er the
 hill,

More happy the swain in cold poverty,
More happy the Prisoner in gloomy Esk Mall.

THE HAPPY FIRE-SIDE.

The hearth was clean, the fire-side clear,
the kettle on for tea:

Ranger was in his elbow-chair,
as bless'd as man can be.

Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,
and was his new made bride,
With head elate upon his breast,
sat foying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state;
a favourite dog was laid;
By whom a little sportive cat,
in wanton humour play'd.

Clarinda's hand he gently press'd,
he stole an amorous kiss.
And blushing modesty confess'd
the fulness of her bliss.

Be this eternally, he cry'd,
and let no more be given;
Continue this my fire-side,
I ask no more of Heaven.

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FINIS.